

INDIANA PYTHIANS TO HAVE ADDITION

Dramatic Order of "Knights of Khorassan" to Be Organized.

FRIDAY IS THE DAY SET.

OBJECT OF THE NEW BRANCH IS TO CULTIVATE THE SOCIAL SIDE OF LIFE—NOW 136 TEMPLES IN THE COUNTRY.

Letters have been received by local Pythians, calling upon them to gather in Indianapolis next Friday night for the purpose of taking preliminary steps toward reorganizing the dramatic order, Knights of Khorassan.

Special interest attaches to the move in the minds of those who are taking the step, for the reason that there is an understanding with the powers that be in the order that if a successful organization is effected in Indianapolis, no charter will be issued for another lodge in Indiana, this meaning that the Indianapolis organization would have members from all parts of the state, the only lodge of the kind now existing in Indiana being at Muncie.

The order stands in about the same relation to the order of Knights of Pythias as does the Scottish Rite to Masonry. To join the Dramatic Order of Knights of Khorassan, a man must be a member of the Knights of Pythias in good standing.

The D. O. K. K. is a dramatic and social organization to which only a Pythian in good standing can belong. Its possibilities in this state are unlimited. Its object is to cultivate the social side of life and to present an opportunity for those who enjoy sociability to spend an evening or two each month in association with kindred spirits, where they may participate in ceremonies entertaining and amusing. It also creates and broadens acquaintance among Pythians, furnishing a common ground upon which members of different lodges can meet and know one another, thus breaking those lines of separation which often exist between the separate organizations. There are now 136 temples in the United States, and all are in flourishing condition.

CIGARETTES THE BOY'S DOWNFALL

It Is Held That Roy Coombs Is In Every Sense a Cigarette Fiend.

TO BE DEPRIVED OF SMOKES

JUDGE CONVERSE HAS ORDERED THE SHERIFF NOT TO ALLOW HIM TO SMOKE WHILE CONFINED IN COUNTY JAIL.

Excessive use of cigarettes is assigned as the cause for the criminal tendencies shown for the past two or three years by Roy Coombs, the seventeen year old lad who was sentenced to over 100 days imprisonment by Judge Converse, for assaulting his two younger sisters.

Young Coombs, it is said in every sense of the term a "cigarette fiend." In the city court Saturday when Coombs was arraigned before Judge Converse on a charge of assault and battery, the court administered to him a severe lecture on the evils of cigarette smoking, but the lecture apparently failed to make any impression on the boy. Judge Converse asked him if he would not promise to "swear off" smoking cigarettes while at the county jail, but Coombs refused to take the oath. Judge Converse then said he would take steps to see that he received no "cotton nails" while confined at the institution.

The judge has informed Sheriff Meredith of the condition the excessive use of cigarettes has brought young Coombs to, and has requested the sheriff to see that the lad is forced to abstain from the habit while he is a prisoner at the bastille.

"For some time Roy Coombs has caused the police department considerable trouble," a police officer states. "He has stolen various things, but when taken into custody would stoutly deny his guilt. It would be known positively that Coombs was guilty, but lack of proper evidence would prevent making charges against him and it would be necessary to give him a severe lecture and then turn him loose. Coombs finally got to believe he was immune from arrest. The sentence given him Saturday by Judge Converse and the order that he be deprived of cigarettes while in jail will, I believe, do the boy much good."

How He Was Buried.
A man returned to his native village after having emigrated to Kansas some twenty years previous. He asked about different villagers he had known in the old days and finally of the town drunkard of his time.
"Oh, he's dead," was the reply.
"Well, well! Dead and buried, is he?"
"Nope. They didn't bury him."
"Didn't bury him?" exclaimed the former resident. "Well, then, what did they do with him?"
"Oh, they just poured him back in the jug!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Pope Pius Has Just Celebrated a Jubilee of His Priesthood. Scenes Connected With His Active Life.



Pope Pius, X. has just celebrated a jubilee of his priesthood. The picture at the left shows Signora Salto, the Pope's mother, at the right is a picture of His Holiness himself, in the medallion in the center shows a little church at Reist, where he first officiated as a priest fifty years ago, and below is the house in which the Pope was born.

A CLOCK IN A BOTTLE.

The Way This Marvel of Mechanism Was Constructed.

A German clockmaker living in the little village of Gommern, near Magdeburg, built a clock in a bottle. The maker, H. Rosin, secured a strong movement with a cylinder escapement measuring forty-five millimeters and began by sawing the plate into halves. The opening in the neck of the bottle measures fifteen millimeters, and in order to get these halves into the bottle he cut another segment off each of the halves of the plate. He built a sort of tripod as a resting place for the movement. This tripod was assembled after he had introduced its parts into the bottle separately. The tripod is so constructed that it cannot turn when the movement is being wound. The four pieces of the plate were fastened side by side by means of screws to the platform attached to the tripod, a long screwdriver and other tools especially constructed for the purpose having been used for this operation. When the plate was put together, the clockmaker proceeded to put all the parts of the movement in their original places with the motion wheels for the hands. A ring of white metal was placed around the neck of the bottle, and upon this ring was soldered a round plate, thus closing the opening. On this cover were fastened in an inclined position the arms which serve as a support for the dial.

The dial is made of a ground glass plate, which has a diameter of twenty centimeters. The black numbers on the dial are at skeleton fashion and cemented to the glass. At night one can tell the time by placing a light behind the dial.—Technical World.

THE HUMAN TONGUE.

Eloquent Even When It Does Not Articulate a Word.

It is never necessary for the tongue to talk in order to tell that you are ill or the nature of your illness. The tongue of the dumb is quite as eloquent when viewed by an experienced physician as the tongue of the most talkative person.

It is a wonderful organ and should be studied by all parents, not only on their own account, but on account of their offspring. It aids in mastication of food, in drinking, in sucking, in articulation, and contains in its mucous membrane the peripheral organs of taste. There are doctors who will spend half an hour feeling of your pulse and listening to your heart beats. There are others who command, "Stick out your tongue." One glance at your tongue will tell them the tale.

Tremulousness of the tongue when it is protruded is a positive sign of various nervous diseases. But by far the commonest cause of this tremulousness is an excessive indulgence in alcohol. There is an old rule about looking into a man's eye to tell if he is a habitual lusher. It often fails. Drink in some men excites the lacrimal glands, causing the eye to appear watery. But all of us know men who have watery eyes, yet never touch liquor. But the best and final test is the tongue. It is the only sign that cannot be concealed. If a man seeking employment swears on a stack of Bibles that he does not drink, make him stick out his tongue. If it trembles he is a liar.—New York Press.

Combs Made of Old Shoes.
A mountain of old boots and shoes, indescribably ugly, indescribably filthy, lay in the factory yard.
"Well, make combs out of them," said the chemist, "combs that will pass through the perfume and lustrous locks of the most beautiful girls. Seems strange, doesn't it?"
"Very."

"Yet it's a fact. That is what becomes of all the world's old shoes. They are turned into combs. The leather is first cut into small pieces and immersed two days in a chloride of sulphur bath; then it is washed, dried and ground to powder; then it is mixed with glue or gum and pressed into comb molds.

"It makes good enough combs, but I prefer the rubber ones myself."—Exchange.

PALLADIUM WANT ADS. PAY

STUNNED WAS "BRAKIE" WHEN HE FOUND BOX CAR FULL OF FEMALE HOBOES

Millard, Neb., Jan. 6.—Nineteen women who lost their jobs and turned hoboed boarded a Union Pacific freight train at Omaha last night to beat their way to Denver, and when discovered defied the trainmen to put them off. They concealed themselves in box cars and were not discovered until the train pulled into this station and took a siding to let a passenger train pass.

Here the female hoboed got into an altercation and made a noise that attracted the attention of one of the brakemen, who was rendered speech-

less with astonishment when he perceived that the hoboed were women. Just as the train was about to pull out he summoned the conductor, who ordered the women to get off the train. They showed fight instantly, called the conductor all sorts of names, and dared him to put them off. The conductor summoned all the other trainmen to the scene of the altercation and with their aid contrived to make the crowd "hit the grit."

The women walked back to Omaha from the train, but declared that they would get beat their way to Denver.

SOCIETY NEWS

To Reach the Society Editor, Call Home Phone 1121, or Bell Phone 21.

Tuesday evening a social will be given at First Presbyterian church at 7:30 o'clock under the auspices of the Men's club. This will be the first of a series of social events to be given during the winter. The event is public to members and friends of the congregation. Mr. W. C. Hall, of Indianapolis, a traveling salesman, will address the meeting. He is a prominent leader in the forward movement of the church. A good time is anticipated and all men of the congregation are cordially invited. The officers of the club are:

President—Mr. Judson Rupe.
Vice President—Mr. George Seidel.
Secretary—Mr. James Judson.
Treasurer—Mr. Edwin Wilson.

The Silent Club, a newly organized card club, will hold its first meeting Tuesday of next week. Mrs. Howard Ridge of North Sixteenth street, will be the hostess. Point euchre is the game played. The membership being twelve.

The Martha Washington sewing circle, held a meeting this afternoon. Mrs. William Fry of 221 South Fourth street, was the hostess. The hours are pleasantly and profitably spent at needlework.

Mrs. S. E. Beery of 115 South Twelfth street, will be hostess for the foreign missionary society of First M. E. church, Tuesday afternoon.

Aubrey Hawkins of the journalistic department of Indiana University, is visiting in the city for a few days.

Martin and Oliver Petta have returned to Michigan university after visiting in the city with relatives and friends through the holidays.

The Ladies' Aid society of First M. E. church will meet Wednesday afternoon in the parlors of the church.

Mrs. B. F. Harris, 43 South Eighth street, will be hostess to the Missionary society of the Christian church, Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. All members and friends are cordially invited to be present.

Miss Clara Comstock and Miss Elizabeth Comstock left Sunday for the west, where they will spend the remainder of the winter for the benefit of the former's health.

Mrs. Noah Hutton will be hostess

for the Aftermath Tuesday afternoon at her home, 28 South Twenty-first street, and the program will be an unusually interesting one. This is the first meeting of the new year. The subjects are:

The Siege of Leyden—Anna Ferguson.
Household Finances—Gertrude T. Hill.

The next meeting of the Musical Study club will be January 14, at the Starr piano recital rooms. The program for the meeting is one of interest. It is devoted to a study of MacDowell. Those who will participate will be Miss Knollenberg, Miss Runge, Miss Engelbert, Miss Woodhurst, Mrs. Turner Hadley, Mrs. Krueger, Mrs. Longnecker and Mrs. Krone.

On Friday, Jan. 17, will be held the first meeting of the Tourists club. The program is of interest, as a continuation of the study of South American heroes will be made. The program will constitute monologues by Mrs. Howard Hill, Mr. Edwin P. Trueblood, Mr. Fred H. Lemon, Mr. L. E. Bridgman. The ten national hymns will be given by Miss Laura Gaston and Mrs. Robert W. Stimson.

THE CITY IN BRIEF

Rummage Sale next to the Railroad Store.
Putnam's patterns, Morris & Co's Rummage Sale next to the Railroad Store.
G. R. Gause for moss wreaths, if Rummage Sale next to the Railroad Store.

Special sale of millinery at Toms & Timney, No. 10 N. 8th st.

BUSINESS TO BE RESTORED

Pittsburg, Jan. 6.—A plan was made public here today whereby the recovery of the Westinghouse Machine Company may be dissolved and the business of the company restored to the stockholders. There seems no question of doubt but that the plan will succeed.

C. C. & L. ticket agent will sell you sleeping car tickets to Chicago for their 11:15 P. M. train. Call on him.

QUEER FINDS IN FISH.

The Stomach of a Cod Is Sometimes a Sort of Museum.

A GLUTTON, NOT AN EPICURE

All Manner of Odd Things Are Eagerly Devoured by This Voracious Feeder. The Singular Adventure of a Ten Dollar Gold Piece.

One day in 1903 A. E. Levy of New York felt the piscatorial fever surging through his system, so took a day off and went out to the fishing banks to try his luck. As he was dressing his catch that same evening he discovered in the stomach of a cod a ten dollar gold piece, with two diamonds set on one side and the initials P. C. E. on the other. Levy was so amazed that he sent the story to the papers, and it was copied throughout the country.

He hardly expected ever to hear from it, but a few weeks later was surprised to receive a letter from Patrick C. Evans, residing in Kansas, who claimed the piece as his own and presented sufficient evidence of this to satisfy Levy, who accordingly turned it over to him. It seems that Evans was in New York earlier in the year and spent a day blackbishing in the lower bay, and as he was hauling in a fish the chain to which the coin was attached got caught in the rigging of the sloop, which just then rolled, the chain snapped, and away went the coin, never to be recovered, as he then supposed.

One of the saddest finds recorded was that of a St. John's (N. F.) fisherman, who discovered a wedding ring in the entrails of a cod in 1871. It was eventually proved to have belonged to Pauline Burnham, an Englishwoman who was lost in the steamship Anglo Saxon, wrecked off Chance Cove, N. F., in 1861. The lucky fisherman received a present of £50 for restoring the highly prized memento to the woman's son.

A Havre fisherman's wife, drying codfish caught by her husband on the coast of France in 1904, noticed that one fish had a hard substance inside. On investigation she found in the fish a golden bracelet. How the ornament came into its strange receptacle, is, of course, not known, but it is conjectured that it must have slipped from the wrist of some fair passenger leaning over the bulwarks of a transatlantic liner and been seized by the cod.

Last year the greater part of the male and part of the female population of the village of Portseahead, at the mouth of the Avon, in England, turned anglers for awhile. Fishing tackle and bait boomed for some time, and all because one of the local anglers, shortly before had landed a good sized fish, and when it came to be dissected on the domestic table it was found to "include" a diamond ring declared to be worth \$150.

While discharging a fare of codfish from the schooner Vinnie M. Getchell at Gloucester, Mass., in 1880, Captain John M. Getchell, master of the vessel, found imbedded in the thick flesh of a large cod a knife of curious workmanship. The fish was caught on the northeast part of George's bank in seventy-five fathoms of water and was apparently healthy. The knife was not found until some time after the fish had been cured. When found the knife blade was closed, and the small or posterior end or the handle was nearest the tail of the fish, the flesh at this place being about two and a half inches thick. The knife when closed was three and five-eighths inches long.

In 1884 Captain McEachern of the Gloucester schooner A. F. Gifford found a knife—one of the kind known to fishermen as a haddock ripper—in the stomach of a forty-five pound cod which had been caught on the Le Have bank.

Lars Petersen, an able seaman of the steamship Hyppatia, which arrived in New York in 1903 from St. Lucia, made a curious find on the voyage. After the vessel left St. Lucia a large gray shark was seen following it. For two days it continued in the wake of the ship, when Petersen resolved to get it. Procuring a large hook, he baited it with salt pork and after some difficulty landed the monster, which measured almost twelve feet from tip to tip. Upon opening its stomach Petersen discovered there a ring with the initials L. H. B. engraved on the inside.

Owing to the fact that cod seek their

food on the bottom and are voracious feeders, their stomachs when opened frequently present a curious and sometimes amusing collection of odds and ends. Bits of leather, marine spikes, iron bolts, a ball of twine, tinned sounding plummet, hooks of deer, scissors, brass, oil cans, potato parings, corn-cobs, the head of a rubber doll, stones and big shells have been found in them. A codfish caught at Vineyard Haven was found to have in its stomach two full grown ducks. When taken out they were quite fresh, having most of their feathers on.

Because the heel of a rubber boot and fragments of a rubber coat, together with a knife, were found in the stomach of a cod one day a Gloucester was reported, and the story was taken seriously for a time, that the fish had eaten the fisherman to whom they had belonged and that these were the undigested fragments.

—New York Tribune.

Mean.
Mande—Tom is a strange fellow. He proposed to me in church last Sunday during the sermon. Belle—Are you sure he wasn't talking in his sleep, dear?—Boston Transcript.

A Trumpeter's Courage.

During a French campaign in Africa many brave deeds were done, but none braver perhaps than Trumpeter Escott's rescue of his captain. The Arabs were pressing the cavalry of Captain De Cott, and everything was in confusion, when De Cott's horse was killed under him and the capture of the officer and the whole company seemed inevitable. At that moment the trumpeter of the company leaped from his horse and gave it to De Cott, saying: "Take him. Your life is necessary. Mine is useless. You can rally the men. It does not matter about my neck." De Cott mounted the horse, rallied the company and continued the fight. Trumpeter Escott was taken prisoner, but the Arabs, who adore courage, had witnessed the scene and, appreciating the nobility of the man, treated him with generosity. His trumpet was a source of great entertainment to his captors, who used often to make him give the signals of the various military movements. One day Escott gave the whole company with great gusto, finishing up by blowing the summons for a charge with an extended flourish.

"What was that?" asked the Arab chief.

"Ah," said Escott. "You will hear that soon, I hope. That is the signal for a charge."

A Generous Miser.

A great many years ago there resided in Marseilles an old man named Guyot. He was known to every inhabitant, and every urchin in the street could point him out as a niggard in his dealings and a wretch of the utmost penury in his habits of life. From his boyhood this old man had lived in the city of Marseilles and, although the people treated him with scorn and hatred, nothing would induce him to leave it. When he walked the street he was followed by a crowd of hooting boys who often threw stones and mud at him. There was no one to speak a kind word in his favor. He was regarded by all as an arid miser whose life was devoted to hoarding up gold. At last the old man died, and it was found that he had laid up a great fortune. He left a will which read: "Having observed from my infancy that the poor of Marseilles are ill supplied with water, which can only be procured at a great price, I have cheerfully labored the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing, and I direct that the whole of my property shall be expended in building an aqueduct for their use."

He was only pacified when his wife showed him the paper and explained where he had found it. The play was "An Evening of the People," the "doctor" was Stockman.

Many gymnasts and athletes, especially those who do bar or ring work, wear shoes of all heavy cotton or duck. These shoes are really heavy stockings. The gymnast relies upon the foot as nature intended it for a firm foundation for his or her feats.—Boston Globe.

Clark's Cruise of the "ARABIA"
16,000 tons, fine, large, unusually steady.
To the Orient
February 6 to April 17, 1908.
Seventy days, costing only \$100.00 and up, including shore excursions. Special features: Madeira, Cadiz, Seville, Algiers, Malta, 19 days in Egypt and the Holy Land. Constantinople, Athens, Rome, the Riviera, etc.
F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York.

VESUVIUS ACTIVE.

Naples, Jan. 6.—Mount Vesuvius, after a month or more of comparative quiet, has again resumed activity, huge columns of flame and smoke arising from large fissures at the summit of the crater.

Hundreds of persons are taking advantage of our next-to-nothing prices during our

**January
Slaughter Sale
Overcoats Half Price
Suits One-Fourth Off
NONE RESERVED.**

10 Big Departments. Every one filled with matchless bargains. The kind that are unusual—even for this store.

**Are You Taking Advantage?
THE RAILROAD STORE**

STORIES OF IBSEN.

The Buttons He Sewed on and His Good Wife's Comment.

Some amusing anecdotes of Ibsen have been published by the Norwegian writer, John Paulsen, who was on intimate terms with him for many years, says the New York Sun. One of his stories he prefaces with the remark that, however much the dramatist upheld the rights of women, he by no means considered them superior to men in any line—in fact, he considered them inferior in many spheres in which the world in general puts them ahead. One of his maxims was:

"No woman could write a cookbook, and no woman can sew a button on fast."

He lived up to the latter part of his dictum. When he detected a loose button on any of his garments he retreated to his own den, locked himself in and with elaborate preparations sewed the button on.

He took as much pains with it as he would with the final fair copy of one of his plays. Then he used to brag about the performance, saying that he wouldn't put trust in a button sewed on by any woman, not even by his wife.

His wife used to laugh with a quiet, ironic expression on these occasions. She confided to Paulsen that she secretly sewed all the buttons that the poet had sewed—sewed them good and tight, as only a woman can, she said, explaining that he always forgot to fasten the buttons, and the buttons would come off in a few days if she did not look after them.

"But don't deceive him," the faithful wife added appealingly. "It makes him so happy to think that he did it." So, Paulsen remarks, there was a hidden lie in the life of the great apostle of frankness and truth. One day in Munich Ibsen asked Paulsen in the most concerned way whether he polished his own shoes in the morning. With a feeling of indescribable guilt Paulsen confessed that he didn't.

"But you ought to," Ibsen urged. "You will feel a different man if you do. No man should let another do for him what he can do for himself."

"Begin with polishing your shoes and you will soon come to keeping your room in order, even to making your own fires. In this way you will gradually develop into a self-reliant man, independent of servants and all other people."

Ibsen was extremely sensitive about any one finding out the least hint regarding any uncompleted work that he had in hand. He never revealed a plot, an incident or a scrap of dialogue until the work was completed.

Once his wife picked from the floor a scrap of paper with the words, "The doctor says," upon it. She asked her husband jestingly what the doctor did say and who he was.

Ibsen went into a paroxysm of rage. He declared that he was not safe in his own house; he was surrounded with spies. All his ideas were ruined, his plans thrown away.

He was only pacified when his wife showed him the paper and explained where he had found it. The play was "An Evening of the People," the "doctor" was Stockman.

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F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York.

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